

THE
HISTORY
OF THE

King and Cobler.

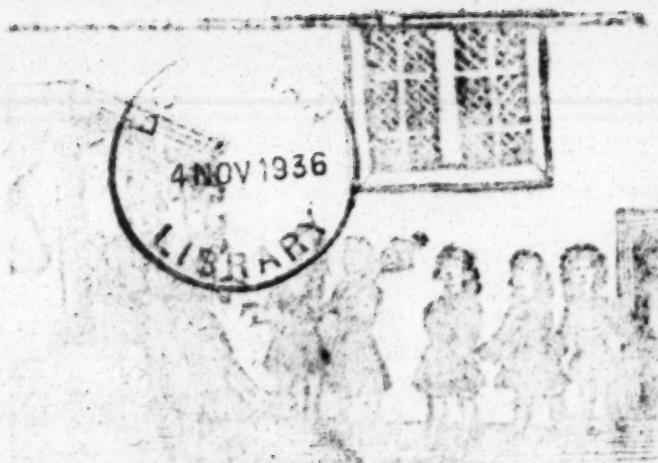
PART the SECOND.



Printed for the Running Stationer.

King and Queen

SAVILE ROW



... by the author of *The King and Queen*.

THE
KING and COBLER,

The SECOND PART of the

KING and COBLER,

THE
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CHAP. I.

*Of the Cobler's Return from Court to his
Wife Joan, and the comical Discourse that
passed between them.*

Christopher Crispin, for he was so named, with whom King Henry VIII. made himself so exceeding familiar, having been at Court, where he was so much made of for the mirth he caused, goes home in the afternoon full freighted with wine and wonderful Expectations.— His heart and head being light, he went capering along, crying, long live old Harry Tudor, with a hundred Boys at his heels; his wife standing at the Door, and seeing him prance along in such an odd manner, put on one of her crabbed looks, saying highty-tity what's come to

yon now? I'll Harry Tudor you with a vengeance. Was it for this I dress'd you up in pimlico to have you come home just like one broke out of bedlam.

Peace, wife, said he, for I am upon my preferment, and shall very soon become a Courtier.

Cease, you prating fool, quoth Joan, and get you to bed, that you may be up betime in the morning to work, for this course of life will never do. with these, and the like reprimands, she conjured poor Crispin, (who for quietness Sake went) to bed, where we will leave him, and return to court, to say something of what passed there, relating to that day's comical Adventure.



CHAP. II.

Of the Queen bearing of much mirth at Court comes with her Maids of Honour to know the Cause thereof; and of that proud Prelate's, (Cardinal Wolsey) cursing the King for being so familiar with the Cobler.

NOw it is to be noted, that the cobler was no sooner gone, but the king

king and his nobles began to renew their mirth, by rehearsing the odd fancies and pleasant pranks the cobler had amused them with. And a certain lord so imitated the cobler to the life, that he caused a general laughter, that lasted a considerable time without intermission.—Hereupon, the queen with her maids of honour, came to enquire the cause.

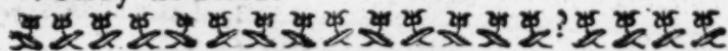
My liege, said the queen, I am glad to hear you and your nobles so merry; and should be pleased to know the cause.

My royal consort, said the king, we have had the company of an honest cobler, whose like I never saw at court—His downright simplicity hath afforded us all this mirth.

The queen wished to have been partaker of this mirth — The King said, it may not be too late yet for I will so contrive it that you shall have a sight of him very speedily in disguise; by this we shall have proof of pleasant pastime. — But then, said Wolsey, how do these frolics agree with kingly dignity? What must your friends and nobles say, if they hear you converse with a cobler:- Why said the

the king, Wolsey, have you not heard of the industrious bee's extracting honey from the meanest flower, as well as the richest blossom ; and, if so, why may not I experience the fidelity of my people by conversing with an honest Cobler, as well as I may by the crafty policy of a proud Cardinal.

This choak-pear stopped the mouth of Wolsey at once.



CHAP. III.

The Cobler waked the next morning by a Thunder-clap from his Wife ; but is restored to Favour by singing one of his Songs.

You may remember how the old cobler crept to bed ; but was waked in the morning with a thunder clap of, Thou nasty drunken swine and whimsical blockhead, is this the course of life you intend to lead : Upon which he jumped up, ran to his stall, and diverted himself with the following song.

THO' now I sit within my stall,
Old shoes and flippers mending.
I to the court shall have a call,
There are my hopes depending.

I do not value crusty joan;
 Altho' with tears I woo'd her,
 I have the favour 'tis well known,
 Of honest Harry Tudor.

He gives me forty marks a year,
 And that's a deal of treasure,
 Besides all this, there is no fear,
 Of having courtly pleasure.

I wish old joan she would but die,
 Altho with tears I woo'd her,
 I'd go to court and there live by,
 My old friend Harry Tudor.

Now as the cobler was making himself
 merry with singing his new made song,
 joan thus accosted him:

You drunken scoundrel are you Tudoring of it again? I thought you had enough of that yesterday; I think you told me he was a courtier; but I believe him to be a cart-porter. Pray where is the four-pence halfpenny you had of me,

Alas. said the cobler, my friend was so far from letting me spend any thing, that he has given me what will be the making of us both.

Aye, husband, quoth joan, what has, he given you?

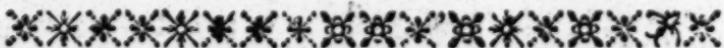
Why,

Why, to tell you sweet wife, he has settled forty marks a year upon me; and as a sure mark of his goodness, he has given me these two broad pieces of gold.

O me, quoth Joan, has he given thee all this? God's blessing on his heart, he is a good fellow.

Who do you call fellow, said he? He that is my particular friend, is no less than our gracious King Henry; and was he to know what you have said of him, you may happen dine on hemp, by which means I should get rid of a shrew.

O husband quoth she pardon me, if you love me, and I will never call you any names for the future.—Be sure, says he, keep your promise, and all shall be well.



C H A P. II.

Of the King's counterfeiting a Tanner; and of his coming to the Cobler to sell some Leather.

KING Henry having promised the Queen that she should be accommodated with some of the Cobler's frolics, at length it upon a project, which was this,

this, he sent a man and horse down into the country to buy leather, fit for shoemakers' use, and send it to London by the carrier that came to the inn that was opposite the cobler's. This being done, the king, in the habit of a plain countryman, came to the inn with his queen, who in the dress of an innocent countrywoman, passed for his kinswoman;



he passing for the tanner that was come to receive and sell the leather, called out for a room and some of the best liquor the house afforded; and then asked the innkeeper whether he could not help him to a Chapman for his leather? he answered

ed. there's a Cobler over the way that will either buy it or help you to a Chapman.

Prithee send for him, said the King.—Upon which the Cobler was called, and came capering like a morice-dancer, saying, who wants me?

This gentleman, said the inn-keeper, has some Leather to sell,

I'll buy it, said the Cobler, if it be for my turn.—Then having looked it over, asked the price.—But the King not knowing what it cost, nor its value, offered it him for forty shillings.

Marry, quoth the Cobler, I wish you came honestly by it; for though I am the buyer, I must needs tell you it is worth more.

That's nothing at all, said the King, I am for selling all off, and never to deal in leather again; I am for some place at court, and this maiden, my kinswoman is, also desirous of waiting on some lady.

Marry, quoth the Cobler, if it be so, perhaps I may do you some service; for as simple as I sit here, hough I say it myself, I am acquainted with the king; and

and as you seem to have good honest faces, by the mass I will do you all the service I can,

Thou sayest well, said the king, and if thou dost me any kindness, I do not care if I give thee the leather; and so here's to thee.—I thank you, said the cobler.—And by the time they had drank five or six glasses, his heart began to be light, he told the king he would sing him a song of his own making; at which, when the queen heard it, she laughed heartily; for his comical trick pleased her more than any thing she ever heard in her life.

At length noon approached, and the cobler was for going with them to court, but first dressed himself, for he would not appear in his cobler's dress before the king for all the shoes in his shop.

C H A P. V.

*Of the King's inviting the Cobler and his
Wife to Dinner, and the Discourse that
passed there.*

THE cobbler being gone, the king asked the queen how she liked the conversation of old Crispin; the queen replied, right well; besides, I see there is something of a principle in him, which, in my opinion, seems to outshine his poverty; for, my liege, when you offered the leather to him at a low price, he let you know it was worth more, and therefore was loath to meddle with it; and what I observed more in him was, his light heart, brisk and airy, and he may, for ought I know, enjoy more content in his cottage, than the courtier at a palace.

Not too much of that, said the king, for I well remember that when he had me down in his cellar to drink a cup of his nappy ale, and eat some of his bread and

and cheese, all on a sudden his old wife joan began to rout about; then said the Cobler, my friend you must be gone, for I would not have my wife Joan catch you here; and thereupon, rather then he should be cudgelled by his wife. I got away with Speed.

My liege, said the queen, you was hard put to it.

By my troth, said the king, and so I was.

Then with a smile her majesty said, I would be willing to see her.

She shall be sent for, said the king; and thereupon he called to know what they could have to dinner. The innkeeper told him they might haye a shoulter of mutton.—That will do, said the king, and call the cobler and his wife, for I desire they both may dine with me.

The innkeeper having delivered his message, joan began to set up her rails, saying, I shall have you get drunk again, that I shall.—Nay, said the cobler, did you not tell me the other day, you never would scold me again, if I would but keep your counsel; and do you begin already;

already; go put on your red petticoat The
 and high crown'd hat, and I'll go dressable's
 myself; for I do not know but we shall telle,
 take a walk to court after dinner, and it is co
 will be for our credit to appear before the ampe
 king in our best apparel. welcor
elping
our l



Now joan, having a sort of fear upon
 her for what she had formerly said, tho't
 it best to bridle her unruly tongue; so
 made herself as fine as a milk maid on a
 may day. The

The King taking the glass drank to the
 dressbler's wife, who simpering like a firnity
 shalettle, said, I thank you, sir; then pa-
 sing it to her husband, he filled up a
 bumper, and drank to the queen, with
 his compliment, Young woman you are
 welcome to London, and I do not fear
 helping you to a service that may be for
 our heart's content.



Now by the time the glass had gone
 round, dinner was set before them; and
 the cobler said grace, which was very
 short. The king carved for the queen
 and

and himself; and Joan gave the cob
the cuckold's bit, saying, he likes it,
him have it——at which the king ^{of tb}
queen laughed heartily,——The que ^{but}
eating but little, the cobler merrily ^{loun}
If you should come to dine at a nob ^W
man's table, you must lay about you
little better, or they will soon make yee w
as fat as a hen in the forehead. sealed

Dinner being over, the cobler diverted ^w
the king and queen with many of his ^a
mical songs and catches; after which the ^W
thought it proper to withdraw in which
another room, there to consult methedirect
about the finishing of this whimsical arry
venture.



C H A P. VI.

the cobler being put in fear of his life,
but afterwards coming off with flying colours.

a nobleman. Now it is to be noted, that the King, who had told his secretary of State, that he would send his royal signet to him, sealed up in a letter, by a messenger whom divers would secure, in order to make him give an account how he came by it.

Whereupon, he writes the letter, in which he enclosed the signet; and having directed a letter, he desired the cobler to carry it, who was ready to serve him, and was resolved to go with him, to keep him from being drunk — They was no sooner departed, but the king called the reckoning, and paid it? he and the queen went by water to the palace, where they pulled off their disguises, and came in their royal Apparel, the King with his nobles, and the Queen with her maids of honour. By this time the cobler and his wife had delivered the letter to the secretary; who, upon opening the same, seemed to

startle, and with a frowning countenance said, here is the King's signet——how came you by it?

Why, quoth the cobler, I received the letter from a tanner.

The Secretary replied, if you do not go and fetch the tanner, take my word for it, we will make an example of you.

Why, quoth Joan, you won't hang my husband, will you?

Says the secretary, it will go hard with him if he don't find the tanner.

I'll fetch him presently says she.

But coming to the inn, and finding they were gone, she fell into a violent fit of the tanterums, running up and down crying O my poor husband? what will become of my poor Cobler? he will be hang'd!—he will be hang'd!

For what? said the inn-keeper.

But Joan, who had no patience to tell her lamentable tale, cried out, the tanner is gone! in this condition, raving like lunatic Person, she ran back towards the palace, with a great number of people after her, who wanted to know the cause of her Outcry; but Joan continued crying

—however, O the tanner! the Tanner is gone!
and my poor husband, I fear, will be
hanged.

Which words her husband happening
to hear, just as she entered the Room, he
said, dear Joan have you not brought him
with you,

With me, quoth Joan, no no, they
are gone, and you are left to suffer.—So
now had it not been better for you to
have been ruled by your Wife, and kept
to your own work, then follow every one
that sends for you. Now you see what
you have brought yourself too. Nothing
would serve you the other day but a cour-
tier, such was your pride, such was your
ambitious fancy. But let me tell you, if
they should have a fancy to hang you,
then I may say you have made a fine
piece of work of it, and doubt not but it
will be a fine warning to you for the fu-
ture;—I cannot but think how like a
courtier you look now in this crying
and melancholy condition.

Now while she was exulting over poor
crispin, the king was informed of all
these merry transactions, and gave orders
for

for crispin to be brought before him, which was accordingly done; but as then, the cobler approached the presence of the king, his joints failed, for he expected to find no favour,

When the king saw him, with an angry countenance, he said, Cobler, how came you by my signet?

The poor cobler falling on his knees with wringing hands, said, May it please your grace, may it please your honour, said he, I went to buy a parcel of leather of a tanner, or that had been brought out of that country;—and then he told the king the whole story concerning his sending him wife, with the letter.

The king replied, this is a pleasant story;—but it seems you cannot shew the tanner, so I shall leave you to the mercy of the law, and if you are hanged by the law, you must assuredly take it for your pains.

Joan hearing the king talk of hanging, fell on her knees, saying good Mr. king, I beseech you; he is an honest man, and has but one fault.—What is that said his majesty?

May

— May it please your grace, he will
not be ruled by his wife, but is always
a hindling, monkey like, to run after wicked
as then, that endeavour to make him drunk.
That is neither here nor there, said the
Cobler, for he must die; nevertheless, as
I have begged that he may not be
hanged, on the word of a king he shall
certainly be hanged, but I will allow him the
time to chuse his death.

Why then, said the Cobler, let me die
in the pleasant death of my grandfather.—How was
your, said the king? — May it please your
Majesty, on a death-bed of old age.
of that which the king, queen, and the
nobles laughed heartily; and Crispin and
his wife, by the king's command, were
lodged up in a room for half an hour, to
please and the king's farther pleasure.

ew the sooner were they a second time con-
sidered, than the cobler, with a trembling
voice, said, I wonder what sweet wife, the
king or your Majesty intends to do with us now.

ys Joan, prithee be of good cheer
nging, think the king and queen are the
. king and his kinswoman.

eseech
as but
majesty?
May

Adsfoot, quoth the Cobler, take casou f
least you speake treason, and we both Whict
hanged : am t

Fear not said she ; for although thind I
changed their apparel, they could n
their faces. Pod

While they were in dispute, the Kid w
and queen, drest in their former disgund el
entering the room, with their nobles which
maids of honour, the king said, Crispended
since you could not find the tanner, I have T
brought him to you. and his
ay, t

At which words he fell on his knees :
cried —

Long live my sov'reign king and quee
Who did their royal persons so demean
As in familiar sort to joak with us,
And I am glad to hear it is no worse.

Arise honest cobler, said the king,
merry be thy heart ; — I have tried
patience and will prove thy friend ;
the forty marks a year that I former
gave thee shall be made much more
my bounty.

like case thou shall have fifty pounds a year in land,
 both which lies upon the south side of the strand,
 am the royal giver—thou the taker,
 though thine I will have it called cobler's acre.

uld n

Poor Crispin and Joan was so transport-
 ed with joy at this glorious coming off,
 disquind especially at the good queen's present,
 bles which was a purse of gold, that they pre-
 Crispin'd the court with a comical farce call'd,
 r, I have *The Forked Friends*; Or, *The Fiddler*
 and his Wife; with which they finished the
 day, to the joy and mirth of the beholders.

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Then

Then being dismissed with great applause
he and joan returned home ; and, in
a short tyme he built a fine row of houses
and called them cobler's acre, according
to the King's direction ; which name con-
tinued after the King's death ; but it has
since been converted into magnificent
buildings.

*Yet during Life, the cobler at the court
Was well beloved and kindly entertain'd
Where he afforded much delightful sport,
So long as brave old Harry Tudor reign'd.*

*The King dy'd first, the Cobler followed after,
That had so often fill'd the court with laughter.*

F I N I S.



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